M. 450.203

GIVEN BY

F. M. Endicott

WHEN STARS ARE IN THE QUIET SKIES,

Poetry by

E.L. BULWER ESQ.R

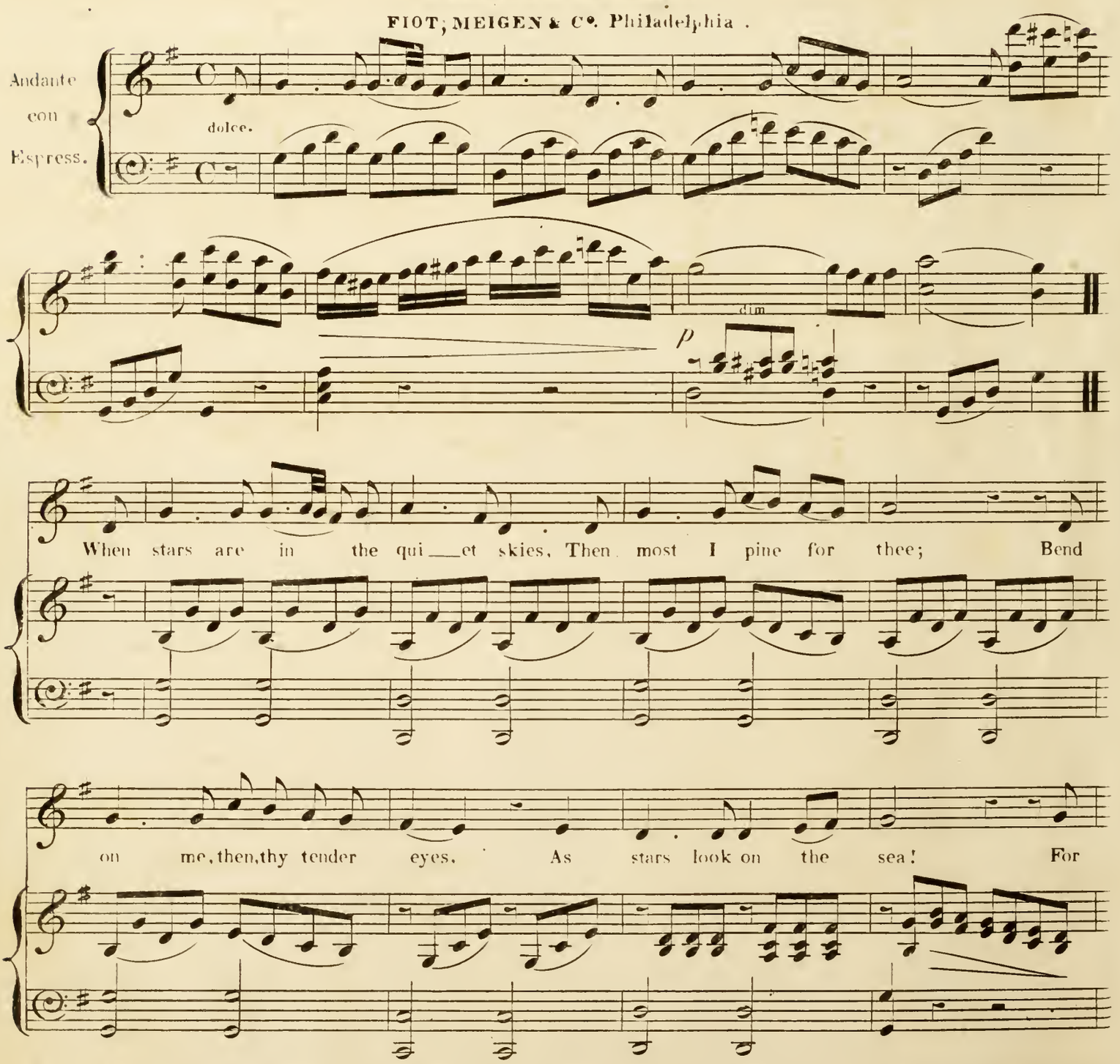
Respectfully Inscribed to

Miss Margaret Fisher

by

ALEX.R BALL.

FIOT, MEIGEN & C.o Philadelphia .



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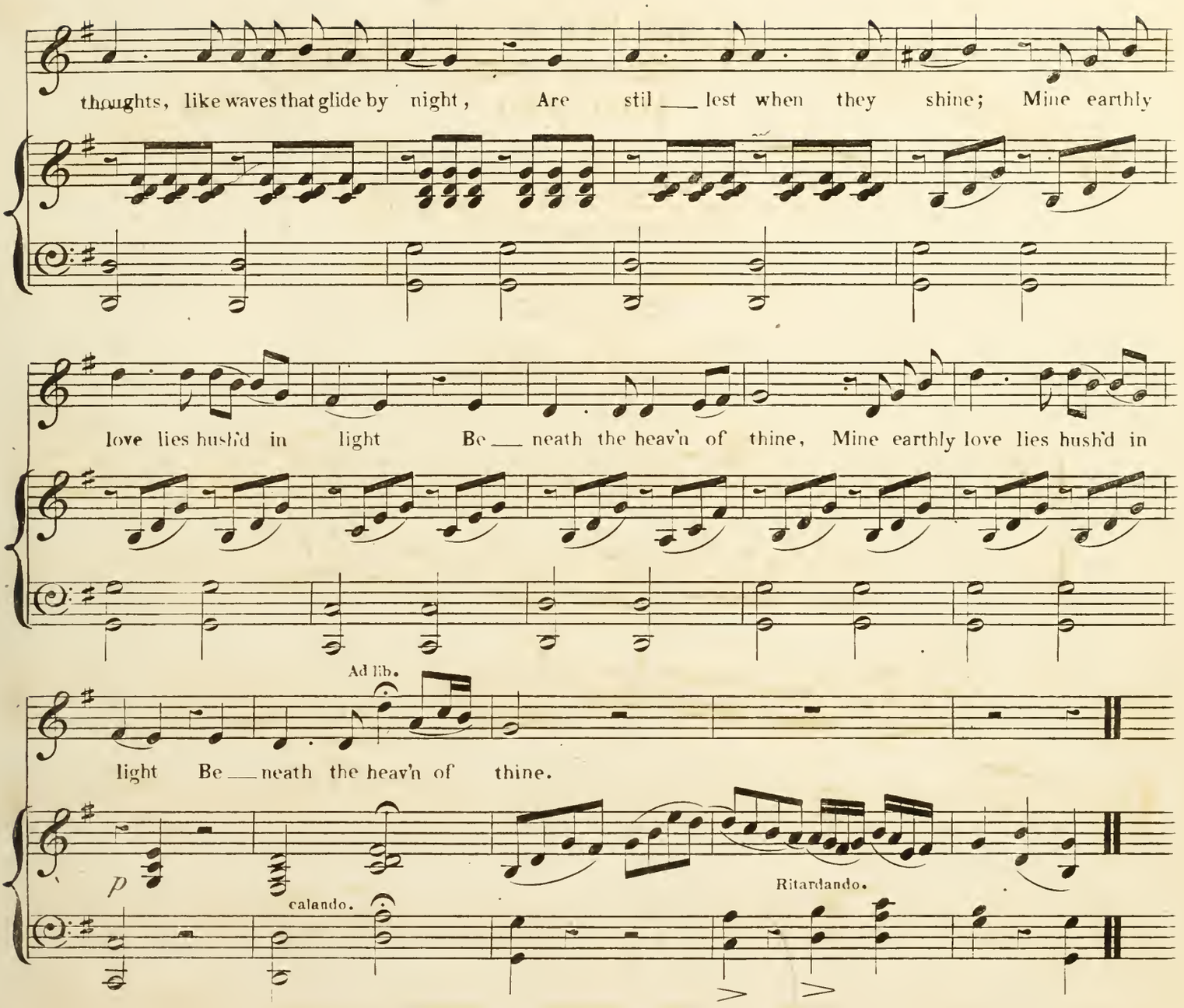

2

There is an hour when Angels keep
Familiar watch on men,
When coarser souls are wrapp'd in sleep—
Sweet spirit, meet me then.
There is an hour when holy dreams,
Through slumber, fairest glide,
And in that mystic hour it seems
Thou should'st be by my side.

3

The thoughts of thee too sacred are
For daylight's common beam;
I can but know thee as my star,
My angel, and my dream!
When stars are in the quiet skies,
Then most I pine for thee;
Bend on me, then, thy tender eyes,
As stars look on the sea!

Wood. Engr

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